

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOL. XIV.

STANFORD, KY., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1885.

NO. 77.

To All Whom It May Concern.

On account of the dissolution of our present firm, to take effect January 1st, 1886, we have and are

COMPELLED TO REDUCE OUR LARGE STOCK

And realize all the Cash we can. In order to make quick work of this matter, as the time is short, we will offer every article in our store

AT AND BELOW COST FROM THIS DAY TO DEC. 31, INCLUSIVE.

We intend to work a few weeks for the glory and our loss will be your gain. Never, never were such Bargains in

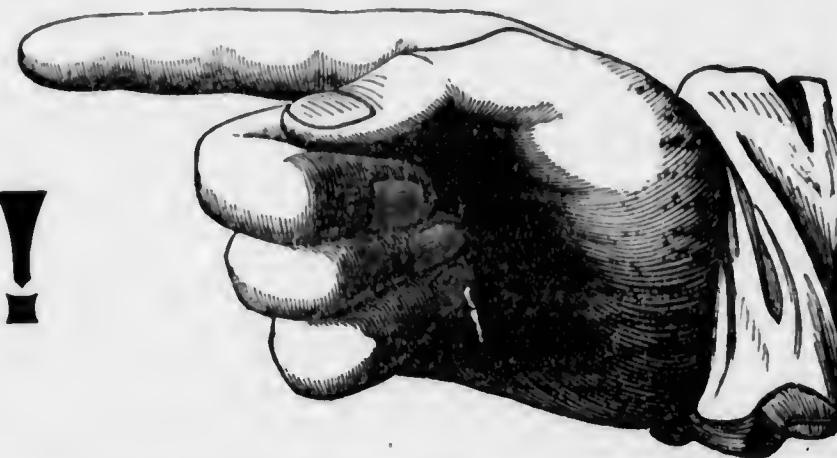
**CLOTHING, DRY GOODS, BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS,
LADIES' & GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS**

Offered before. It is a forced sale for a few weeks, where the word profit is left entirely out. To quote prices for every article in our stock would take more room than we have on our paper, but here are a few to give you an idea what we mean when we say at and below cost:



CUTS BY

Klass & Levi!



Good Calico	2½c per yard	Large Bed Spreads75c each	Men's Rubber Overshoes50c a pair
Best Indigo Blue Calico	6½c per yard	All-Wool Flannel16c per yard	Best Cotton Batting	7½c a pound
Good Bleached Cotton	6½c per yard	Men's Undershirts25c each	All-wool Ladies' Hose25c a pair
Fruit of the Loom Cotton	7½c per yard	Men's Canton Flannel Drawers25c a pair	Men's Nice Suits	\$.55
Great Western Cotton	6½c per yard	Good Jeans16c per yard	Men's Jeans Suits	\$.15
Good Brown Cotton	5½c per yard	Ladies' Nice Vests40c each	Men's Nice Suits	\$.65
Best Plaid Cotton	7½c per yard	Ladies' Custom made Button Shoes	\$.2 to \$.50	All-wool Suits	\$.8 to \$.20
Best Ginghams	7½c per yard	Boots, calf skin	\$.2	All-wool Pants	\$.25
Best Dress Ginghams9c per yard	Ladies' Calf Button Shoes	\$.15	Boys' Nice Suits	\$.45
Good Bed Ticking8c per yard	Ladies' Button Shoes	\$.12	Boys' Nice Suits	\$.25
Best 10-4 Sheetings20c per yard	Ladies' Front Lace Shoes	\$.12	Children's Nice Suits	\$.175
Good Heavy Canton Flannel	7½c per yard	Men's Boots, whole stock	\$.175	Children's Nice Suits	\$.210
Good Bed Comforts75c apiece	Ladies' Front Lace Calf Shoes	\$.135	Men's Nice Hats	\$.50c to \$.30
Good Corsets40c each	Ladies' Rubber Overshoes30c a pair	Men's Good Jeans Coats	\$.150
				Good Jeans Pants	\$.85c
				Full line Ladies' Circulars and Newmarkets at very low prices.	

Ladies, don't spend a dollar for Dry Goods, Notions, Shoes, &c., till you have seen our goods and heard our prices. Don't delay; remember this is no old trash we are offering, but

FRESH, NEW, STYLISH GOODS.

All bought this season.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We will only sell at these prices at Retail and to no merchants, except for thier own use. This is done to give every one a fair chance at these bargains.

COME EARLY AND AVOID THE RUSH.

You can save on every purchase at least 25 per cent.

Stanford, Ky., Nov. 26, 1885.

KLASS & LEVI.

W. P. WALTON.

Catching Toothsome Birds on the Wing—
In a Gunnal Skiff—The "Pusher"—
The Rail's Skillfulness in
Strategy.

[Philadelphia Press.]

Both reedbirds and rail begin to arrive in the Delaware marshes about the middle of August. Lured by the vast area of feeding ground and the apparent quietude which hangs over their favorite haunts, they settle in flocks upon the tempting flats and commence to line their ribs with the delicately flavored plumpness which makes the epicure's diaphragm tingle.

Thousands of gunners, restrained by the exacting game laws of Pennsylvania and the West Jersey Protective Association, wait impatiently for the day upon which they will be let loose upon the feathered visitors. Guns are cleaned, shells loaded, skiffs repaired and every preparation made for the coming sport. On Aug. 25, New Jersey releases the grip of her protecting hand and the battery opens. From Bordentown to the bay, the cannonading is terrific and the birds take their meals upon the "catch-as-catch-can" system. The first day of September opens the season along the Pennsylvania shore, and few of the rail and reedies live through the siege. Late in October a few flocks of able-bodied specimens and a line of straggling cripples make their escape from the fiery circle of death and wing southward. Every conceivable weapon is brought into service during the campaign.

OUT IN A SKIFF.

The old single-barrel muzzle-loader kills as surely as the latest Scott or Remington, and the secret of success lies more in the shooting than the gun. Not being gifted with wings to follow the birds, the gunner either tramps through the mud or pushes his way with a skiff. The recesses of the marsh are inaccessible to the skiff at low water, and, save an occasional bang from the shotgun of a tramping sportsman, there is peace among the reeds while the tide is out. The gunning skiff is double-bowed, almost as light as a racing shell and is propelled through the tall reeds by a pusher, who stands upon the rear stern, with his forward foot braced against a cleat. The pole is smooth and round, from fifteen to twenty' foot long, very light and strong, with three blunt prongs upon one end and a half-round knob upon the other.

The pusher pokes the pronged end into the muddy bottom, leans his weight upon the pole, taking hand-over-hand grips as it grows shorter and the light skiff shoots ahead through the rustling reeds. The gunner sits or crouches in the bow, with his gun on full cock. The pusher faces straight ahead, and, if an expert in his business, never looks at his pole. When he sights game, he cries, "Mark right!" or "Mark left!" according to the side of the skiff it is on, or simply "Mark!" when it is in front. High water is the harvest time. The wary birds, driven from the river front, congregate upon the ridges and knolls back toward the main land and are difficult to reach, unless the "boil" is on.

GUNNER AND "PUSHER."

The rail never sings or perches, and only gets up out of the mud to fly. The "reedy," however, spends his time clinging to the reeds or sitting upon low bushes and trees along the bank, and runs upon the ground. The plaintive "pink! pink!" is heard constantly during flight, but when feeding the note changes to a sweet, conversational "chick," not unlike that of the blackbird. The rail's vocal abilities are limited, and a low chuck is the only noise he makes as he trails through the mud. Experienced gunners, by imitating the reedbird's note, can bring flocks within gunshot. The art of calling them is difficult to acquire, but the sound, made with two fingers laid across the mouth, is so natural that it will often bring the birds back two or three times after being shot at.

The gunning skiff accommodates but two men and is very cranky. The pusher's position is a ticklish one at all times, and the least variation of posture or sudden movement of an inexperienced gunner will set the frail craft to rocking unseamly. To save a moment the pusher occasionally sulfurates water martyrdom and "spills" himself to restore equilibrium. Anticipating frequent jolts, he has arrayed his weather-beaten figure in garments that can not be ruined by such a trivial occurrence as a mud bath, and he clammers on board again dripping like a spaniel.

Having visited the marsh to feed, the birds seem unwilling to leave it until they grow fat. The "reedy," in his plumpest condition, is covered everywhere with soft, yellow fat, except a small patch of red meat upon the breast point. He picks perfectly clean, like a robin, and owes his popularity somewhat to the fact of his appetizing appearance before being cooked. It requires a professional picker, however, to do justice to the "rail," which is covered from nose to claws with a close fuzz or down, that is especially to the inexperienced feather plucker. The "rail" is the game bird of the two, and a gunner's count is always made upon the number of rail he bags.

THE CUNNING RAIL.

Sometimes, when surprised by the sudden appearance of a skiff, the cunning bird will disappear under water, and cling to the reeds with his feet until the danger has passed. Four or five boats may pass over him while in this position without discovering the trick. The point of his bill sticking out of the water supplies him with sufficient air to breathe. The sixth gunner may bag him if his courage and confidence give way and he comes to the surface to fly. A gunner on the river side of a marsh that is being heavily gunned, is often surprised to see "rail" starting up in clear water. They have been driven under by the boats in the reeds and paddle out unobserved to come to the surface and take wing suddenly. Though skillful in strategy, however, the rail, unfortunately for himself, possesses a great stock of curiosity. A gunner quietly drifting up a narrow run, sometimes whistles or knocks with a shell upon his boat. Curious to learn what the noise is, a rail will push out from the reeds to have a look. After the shot, another inquisitive specimen will often appear and suffer the fate of his predecessor before his curiosity has been satisfied.

Fin shot and light charges of powder do the work most satisfactorily. The usual load is three and a half drachms of powder and from a half ounce to an ounce of shot to each shot. The size of shot varies from 8 to 10, and the finer it is the better. A hard hit "reedy" is a mass of blood and feathers if coarse shot is used. Fin shot goes through the bird without mangling.

A Beautiful Epitaph.

[Courier-Journal.]

In a cemetery a little white stone marks the grave of a dear little girl. On the stone were chiseled these words: "A child of whose birth playmates said, 'It was easier to be good when she was with us!'" I used to think, and I do now, that it was one of the most beautiful epitaphs I ever heard.

LEEING DAVIE.

(Andrew Pickin in Inter Ocean.)
Everyone knows that there are various degrees of excellence in lying, as there are in all the other polite arts. But there are some who, by their procreacy of talent in this department of genius, discover at once that nature has designed them for achieving the most brilliant honors of invention; and this was the case with the subject of our memoir, who, in the days of his obscurity, was known only by the simple but unanimously awarded title of "Leeing Davie."

Davie's parents lived in Storey street, in the well-affected town of Paisley. They were very creditable people and had a numerous family, none of whom, however, showing any distinctive parts, save only Davie.

It answered Davie's purpose never to do the things that he was desired to do, and to do various other things that he was strictly enjoined not to do, but let the case be ever so bad, Davie was sure to get himself out of it by one or more good, well-told lies. It was his stepmother who suffered most in these cases. Sometimes, in her zeal for truth, she let out expressions of perfect horror at Davie, calling him an inveterate and notorious liar; but this only served to make matters worse for her. The tables would be completely turned against her by the lad's inveterate skill and the father's partiality, until the cry of "my motherless children" became the watchword which always ended in restoring Davie into favor and throwing all the wrath of the father against the hapless and simple-hearted mother.

Davie was actually awkward at the truth.

When it was necessary to tell a few words of truth to make a lie tell the better he hesitated and stammered and blushed, so that you could not help suspecting him and the truth itself, but when he had got on to the malu lie, for which he had gone through this painful preparation, he told it with such pleasure and with such a face that the whole showed that he was born to despise the inconvenient trammels of verity and to revel in the upper regions of pure invention.

One day Davie, who was now 15, was sent by his stepmother with a message to a friend at the farther end of the town. It was war time, and volunteering and recruiting presented too many temptations for Davie to resist, so he never thought of his message or of returning home till late that afternoon.

It drew toward evening, and still no appearance of Davie. Mr. Peterkin being in a particularly favorable humor to-night, all Davie's tricks and lies were laid before him by his wife, and the two joined in heartily abusing the luckless lad.

Now there was quartered in town a remarkably handsome officer, who created a great sensation among the women; and there was also in the town an uncommonly pretty woman, a Mrs. Templeton, who particularly favored this Capt. Palmer. Whenever therefore husband and wife were on such terms as to go to sleep comfortably together, a pleasant subject could not be started than the scandalous conduct of Mrs. Templeton and Capt. Palmer; and now to this very topic Mr. Peterkin and his wife had agreeably diverged.

When Davie was within a few paces of his father's door he applied to his wife, as formerly, to get him out of the scolds. But the greatest geniuses will sometimes break down, and Davie found himself at fault. He had tried his fancy on all the subjects that were worthy of his powers. He had got into the room where his father and mother were sitting, without a single thought occurring to him to account for his day's employment. But as he slipped into the room the names of Capt. Palmer and Mrs. Templeton struck his ear, and he had the whole thing ready; and not only so, but his fancy being now awake, a train of ideas darted into his head, all the way from the seat of war, which would almost have filled a newspaper.

"Have you any witness, James?" inquired the provost.

"Yes, Baile, various," said he courteously; "for at this moment Deacon Dote entered the court, and, at Mr. Peterkin's request, he was ordered to stand forth."

"William Dote," continued the chief magistrate, "did you tell the defendant these scandalous particulars against the character of Mrs. Templeton?"

"Indeed, sirs," exclaimed the deacon, indignantly, "I did no such thing. I could not have had the heart to speak a word to displease that sweet Mrs. Templeton. Besides, Sir Provost, I have no news to Mr. Peterkin this whole fortnight."

"But you told the story to my son Davie," said Peterkin, with great courage. "Come forward, Davie, lad."

Davie came forward modestly, gracefully, and with an air of honest confidence.

"Young man," said the provost, "hold up your head and never be ashamed to tell the truth. Did William Dote tell you last week these particulars reported of Mrs. Templeton?"

"No, your worship's honor, he did not."

"Did you not," interrupted his father, "tell me the story about Mrs. Templeton Tuesday evening last, you villain?"

"Not a word of it, father; you're entirely in mistake, but I heard my father and mother talking about Mrs. Templeton and Capt. Palmer when I came home from the volunteer park."

"This is a black business, Mr. Peterkin," said the provost. "If you're not able to raise \$50 or \$60 pounds sterling for damages, I am afraid the arraignment will have a tedious tenor of you. I always thought you a man of truth and character till now; yet there's your own son, whose very face has honest in it, has convicted you of falsehood before this whole court."

"What have you to say in this business, mistress?" demanded he, as Mrs. Peterkin arose.

"I have to say, sir," said Davie, modestly; "I would have been home long since, but I could not get out of the crowd."

"What crowd, you lying villain?"

"The crowd at the Cross about the news."

"What news have you brought now?"

"None of your stories, Davie, this time; it won't do."

"Then you have not heard the news, sir?"

"The news isn't in yet, but an English rider came down on a rocking horse with the news that there had been a great battle abroad and 19,000 of the French killed, besides Gen. Bonaparte himself."

"Davie," cried his father, cocking his ear, "is that really for a fact?"

"It's as true as death, sir. I saw the rider at the town's house, and there's a great crowd waiting for the mail. But I have gotten home well enough only for the business about Mrs. Templeton."

"Mrs. Templeton," cried father, and mother together. "What of her? What is the story about Davie?"

"You have no beard, then, that she ran off with?"

"The crowd at the Cross about the news."

"What news have you brought now?"

"None of your stories, Davie, this time; it won't do."

"Then you have not heard the news, sir?"

"The news isn't in yet, but an English rider

came down on a rocking horse with the news that there had been a great battle abroad and 19,000 of the French killed, besides Gen. Bonaparte himself."

"Davie," cried his father, cocking his ear, "is that really for a fact?"

"It's as true as death, sir. I saw the rider at the town's house, and there's a great crowd waiting for the mail. But I have gotten home well enough only for the business about Mrs. Templeton."

"Mrs. Templeton," cried father, and mother together. "What of her? What is the story about Davie?"

"You have no beard, then, that she ran off with?"

"The crowd at the Cross about the news."

"What news have you brought now?"

"None of your stories, Davie, this time; it won't do."

"Then you have not heard the news, sir?"

"The news isn't in yet, but an English rider

came down on a rocking horse with the news that there had been a great battle abroad and 19,000 of the French killed, besides Gen. Bonaparte himself."

"Davie," cried his father, cocking his ear, "is that really for a fact?"

"It's as true as death, sir. I saw the rider at the town's house, and there's a great crowd waiting for the mail. But I have gotten home well enough only for the business about Mrs. Templeton."

"Mrs. Templeton," cried father, and mother together. "What of her? What is the story about Davie?"

"You have no beard, then, that she ran off with?"

"The crowd at the Cross about the news."

"What news have you brought now?"

"None of your stories, Davie, this time; it won't do."

"Then you have not heard the news, sir?"

"The news isn't in yet, but an English rider

came down on a rocking horse with the news that there had been a great battle abroad and 19,000 of the French killed, besides Gen. Bonaparte himself."

"Davie," cried his father, cocking his ear, "is that really for a fact?"

"It's as true as death, sir. I saw the rider at the town's house, and there's a great crowd waiting for the mail. But I have gotten home well enough only for the business about Mrs. Templeton."

"Mrs. Templeton," cried father, and mother together. "What of her? What is the story about Davie?"

"You have no beard, then, that she ran off with?"

"The crowd at the Cross about the news."

"What news have you brought now?"

"None of your stories, Davie, this time; it won't do."

"Then you have not heard the news, sir?"

"The news isn't in yet, but an English rider

came down on a rocking horse with the news that there had been a great battle abroad and 19,000 of the French killed, besides Gen. Bonaparte himself."

"Davie," cried his father, cocking his ear, "is that really for a fact?"

"It's as true as death, sir. I saw the rider at the town's house, and there's a great crowd waiting for the mail. But I have gotten home well enough only for the business about Mrs. Templeton."

"Mrs. Templeton," cried father, and mother together. "What of her? What is the story about Davie?"

"You have no beard, then, that she ran off with?"

"The crowd at the Cross about the news."

"What news have you brought now?"

"None of your stories, Davie, this time; it won't do."

"Then you have not heard the news, sir?"

"The news isn't in yet, but an English rider

came down on a rocking horse with the news that there had been a great battle abroad and 19,000 of the French killed, besides Gen. Bonaparte himself."

"Davie," cried his father, cocking his ear, "is that really for a fact?"

"It's as true as death, sir. I saw the rider at the town's house, and there's a great crowd waiting for the mail. But I have gotten home well enough only for the business about Mrs. Templeton."

"Mrs. Templeton," cried father, and mother together. "What of her? What is the story about Davie?"

"You have no beard, then, that she ran off with?"

"The crowd at the Cross about the news."

"What news have you brought now?"

"None of your stories, Davie, this time; it won't do."

"Then you have not heard the news, sir?"

"The news isn't in yet, but an English rider

came down on a rocking horse with the news that there had been a great battle abroad and 19,000 of the French killed, besides Gen. Bonaparte himself."

"Davie," cried his father, cocking his ear, "is that really for a fact?"

"It's as true as death, sir. I saw the rider at the town's house, and there's a great crowd waiting for the mail. But I have gotten home well enough only for the business about Mrs. Templeton."

"Mrs. Templeton," cried father, and mother together. "What of her? What is the story about Davie?"

"You have no beard, then, that she ran off with?"

"The crowd at the Cross about the news."

"What news have you brought now?"

"None of your stories, Davie, this time; it won't do."

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Stanford, Ky., November 28, 1885

W. P. WALTON.

Let us give thanks. In the history of our country, the people have never had greater cause for being glad and thankful than in this good old year of our Lord, 1885. At peace at home and abroad; with sectional animosities never obliterated than ever before, and with a fraternal feeling fast taking its place; with bountiful crops and commercial prosperity; the absence of epidemic and virulent disease; for these and all the manifold blessings vouchsafed to us as a nation, we are and should be profoundly grateful and thankful to the Giver of every good gift. The custom of setting apart one day in every year for the giving of thanks originated in New England, but since 1862, when Lincoln issued the first proclamation for a day of national prayer and thanksgiving for the success of the Federal Armies and a triumphant termination of the civil war, the fourth Thursday in each November has been proclaimed by the President of the United States and supplemented by the governors of the various States, as a day of national thanksgiving.

Congress has since made the day a legal holiday, and the custom of observing it will no doubt last as long as our government. Until late years the South has not paid that attention to the observance of Thanksgiving as they do in the North; but every year the day is growing more sacred, and now from one end of the country to the other the Christian people unite in giving thanks and praise to Almighty God. It is meet, too, that they should do so, for no nation under the sun is so prosperous and happy as ours. Originally we suppose it was not designed as a day of feasting, but as a man is in more condition to feel thankful when his stomach is full, so well that the innovation has been established and that the turkey the most glorious of birds, the eagle not excepted, has been designed for especial service on that day. And while we who are able are enjoying the good things of life to day, let us not forget the poor and the suffering, but give them cause too to be thankful and happy. There are people right in this town, who long for the crumbs that fall from our tables and who shiver and suffer with cold for the want of proper clothing. They are deserving people, too, who fight hard to keep the wolf from their door. Let us give to them of our abundance remembering it is more blessed to give than to receive. So here's wishing that everybody may enjoy the day and for the especial benefit of those who love to read we present this double number of the INTERIOR JOURNAL, confident that they at least will be edified and entertained.

The Winchester Sun declares unequivocally for the whipping-post and in the course of a well considered editorial says: We are in favor of a whipping-post as the only speedy, cheap and effectual way of treating petit larceny and some other minor crimes. One fellow jumps up and says it is a relic of barbarism. We answer, that whipping is authorized to be applied to convicts, serving in the penitentiary, and is used often, as we learn, so when send a criminal to the State prison to avoid thrashing him, you are putting him in the very place to catch it. We know that this law is most objected against because it would fall heaviest upon the colored race. The law should be made to apply to certain crimes, and then let those who commit them suffer.

The best suggestion in regard to the proposed business meeting of the Kentucky editors comes from Mr. Hawthorne Hill, of the Louisville Commercial, in which he says: "It is doubtful whether any united effort can help newspapers to get subscriptions or advertisements, or to collect cash from patrons, as some have suggested. Every newspaper, in a business sense, must stand upon its own merits, the fittest surviving. A newspaper not wanting the orders of advertising agents at starvation prices can reject them without calling the attention of the whole State to it. An association which would support a worthless newspaper at the expense of better ones, would be an evil."

JUDGE F. T. Fox denies that he is an applicant for office under Mr. Cleveland, but confesses to a willingness to have the lighting strike him in the shape of a good paying one. The president ought to do some thing for a man who talks as Judge Fox does about him. He says: "I regard President Cleveland the greatest man who has been in the chair since Washington. He has ideas of government above partisanship, I admire him further because he has sat upon the Knott-Beck ring of Kentucky, and because he has, in giving Kentucky its share of appointments, selected the best men."

A MILWAUKEE miss bears the proud distinction of being the only female switch tender in America. She earns \$10 per month and she is too sensible to accept the numerous offers of marriage made to her by lazy men who want to divide it with her.

THE Commissioner of Internal Revenue, Mr. J. S. Miller, recommends the abolition of the office of tobacco inspector and an unlimited bonded period for whisky. This latter proposition will be received with great favor by the producers of the article.

The New York Sun occasionally gets off the track, but as a general thing it steers very close to the democratic line. It is in its fullest meaning a newspaper and in that respect always reliable and interesting. See advertisement in another column.

There will be no organized fight against the Board of Equalization in the coming Legislature. The matter has been so thoroughly discussed that the people now understand it, and every honest tax payer—of which class we hope there is a majority—is desirous that the Board shall stand. Yeoman. We think you are mistaken. Hon. F. F. Babbitt has promised his constituents that it shall be repealed and there are a number of good reasons why it should be or greatly improved upon.

The Courier Journal is beyond compare the best morning paper published in the Southwest and pre-eminently the paper for Kentuckians. Read in prospectus in this issue and if you are not a subscriber enlist at once. We send its weekly with our paper for \$3 for both a year.

The Frankfort Capital will be issued daily during the session of the Legislature, which shows that there is always calm in Gilead and a compensation for every evil. The session lasts usually about 100 days and the daily will be sent the whole time for only \$1.

The London papers, after calling each other every mean thing they could think of, have wisely concluded to quit grumbling.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

Galveston sufferers by the fire have received \$100,000 in contributions.

A fine Bengal tiger, bought by New York for Central Park, cost only \$800.

Near Dubois, Pa., a shanty burned and two drunken occupants, James McGraw and William Campbell, burned to death.

The Secretary of the Treasury appointed James C. Dugan to be Local Inspector of Steam Boilers at the port of Louisville.

Gen. Jananovich, dismissed from the Servian army for disobeying orders, has committed suicide by shooting himself with a revolver.

The administrator of T. J. Nichols, who died from injuries received in an accident on K. C., has brought suit against that road for \$50,000.

John Charles Fremont, the first republican candidate for the Presidency, is now seventy-two years old and is said to be in a state of extreme poverty.

Miss Cora Erwin, of Kansas City, obtained a verdict for \$10,000 for breach of promise in a suit against Robert L. Jacobs, of Excelsior Springs, Mo.

Willie Demund blew off his thumb and finger with dynamite, at Williamsburg, Mich. The right caused the boy's grandmother to drop dead from heart disease.

The Secretary of the Treasury, it is stated, will dismiss a number of clerks Dec. 1 for being offensive and impolite to persons transacting business with the Department.

Wm. A. Beach was appointed Collector of Internal Revenue for the Twenty-third district of New York. There now remains but three Collectors who were in office March 4.

James Menaugh, town marshal of Paris, is reported to have inflicted such injuries upon a colored woman, named Snell, while she was under arrest, as will cause her death. He has fled.

Elizur Wright died at Medford, Mass., aged 81. He was closely identified with anti-slavery publications in the days when the Abolitionists were making their bitterest and most determined efforts.

The lower portions of New York city are inundated, both the Hudson and East Rivers having overflowed. The storm and tide is the worst ever known in the city. Millions of property has been swept away.

Rumors of the death of King Alfonso were current Wednesday in London. Though they are probably incorrect, there is no doubt that he is in a precarious condition, and his death may occur at any moment.

A mass convention of the voters of Hardin County will be held at Elizabethtown, December 20, to give expression to their wishes in reference to the appropriation of \$10,000 surplus fund now belonging to the county.

Ex-Confederate soldiers, who were drafted into service, are being swindled by Washington claim agents, who delude them with the idea that they can collect from the government for the reason that they were forced to fight.

Near Clarion, Pa., two robbers went to the house of an old man named Jacob Lafe and on his refusal to divulge the hiding place of his money, poured petroleum on him and set fire to it. He told where the money was but was terribly burned.

Bourbon county is in a prosperous condition. Her last Court of Claims was in session only a day and a half and the only levy made was ten cents on the one hundred dollars for county purposes. The taxes, State and county, only amount to 62 cents on the \$100.

Col. Charles Green, President of the St. Louis Fair Association, is in Washington to have a bill introduced in Congress locating the International Fair in 1892, commemorative of the landing of Columbus, at the Mound City, Louisville and Cincinatti will contest for the location.

Pittsburgh nail-makers are on a strike, and the manufacturers there claim that Eastern manufacturers in the same line are furnishing the strikers with funds, and propose to continue to do so until the strike ends. This shrewd but unscrupulous conduct gives the Eastern men a complete monopoly of the nail trade, and they are making the most of it.

King Milas has decided to abdicate the throne since his fearful defeat and will likely be succeeded by Prince Kravcevich.

The Bulgarian losses so far in the campaign are 200 dead and 2,000 wounded, 350 of the latter being severely injured. Sixty-four Savian officers have been killed or wounded. Five hundred starving Servians have been captured by Gen. W.

HUSTONVILLE, LINCOLN COUNTY.

Uriah Dunn has returned from the South.

Miss Dollie Williams is at home from Harrodsburg on a furlough.

Eliza Sutton, who has had a serious attack of fever, is reported improving.

The candy party of last week was financially a success. The few who attended Reid's peripatetic concert are apologizing for their blunder.

It is noticeable that in the scarcity of preaching the citizens of Hustonville have decided to mend their own ways, which is attested by a liberal application of gravel to the streets.

Dave Allen is off again with a car load of hogs bought at \$3. Will Hocker has taken a position at the Rowland railroad office. Job Swope is growing fat on his candidacy.

Hare just returned from an eight-day's ride among the "destrix," and have no means of catching on to current news.

Was grieved to learn that R. H. Thompson, one of our best and most promising young married men, had fallen a victim Monday evening to the fearful typhoid fever. A young, intelligent and accomplished wife and five interesting little children survive him.

The last exhibit of the accommodating spirit of the railroad is seen in the arrangement by which our mails—out and in—are sent to Millidgeville for distribution. The practical result is that the letter, which, in our palmer days, flitted over the ten miles intervening between us and Stanford in two days now requires three in which to make the transit. It is moved and seconded that we have our mails directed to Louisville and employ—by way of lightning express—Arch Carson's "Chariot" to ply between this point and that. Are you ready for the question?

After my late experience in wandering through the country I can not refrain from the declaration that for large, generous and cordial hospitality, unassuming and unfeigned generality, and thoughtful and judicious attention to the wants of the wayfarer, old Lincoln stands without a rival.

I went among her people a stranger and an orphan—not oppressively young 'tis true but fearfully diffident—and with old and young, among all classes, everywhere, all united in their contributions to my comfort and enjoyment. Vive Lincoln! May her future be heroic as her past, bright and peaceful as her present and stainless as her history.

DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY.

Fat hogs are worth 3 cents in Danville to-day.

A. E. Gibbons is frescoing the ceiling of his business house on Third street and otherwise beautifying the same.

Rev. P. T. Hale on Monday evening received a telegram announcing the death of his sister at Starkville, Mississippi.

Heege's Bad Boy Company will exhibit at the Opera House to-night (Wednesday) and I. W. Baird's Minstrels to-morrow night.

J. W. Guthrie, whose arrest was noticed in the last report, has not yet been tried. He is indignant over his arrest, and claims that he is unmercifully persecuted. A suit for damages is talked about.

Haas & Handman are killing and shipping about 400 turkeys per week. They are buying all they can find and paying good prices therefor.

Mr. Peter Fox, son of ex-Judge Fox, of this place, is quite ill in New York. His brother, Mr. C. C. Fox, went to see him the beginning of the week. Mr. Basil Guest will leave Monday on a business trip to Washington City and Chicago. Mr. Charles F. Johnson, a turman of Louisville, is in town. Mr. Francis Cropper, of Chicago, is visiting his mother, Mrs. M. E. Cropper, at Gilcher's.

Geo. Grant planted his right duke in Henry Fry's left optic Tuesday night and then drew a navy on Henry and threatened to shoot him. George was tried Wednesday morning and fined \$20 and bound over to keep the peace. Dick Mason blacked John Fellman's eye and drew a knife on him. Dick's bill was \$10. Both are in the work house in default of payment. Two women, one white and the other colored, were sent to the work house five days each for lewd conduct. Mollie Brooks was the white woman's name and Bettie Cahill the "en titlement" of the colored person.

MT. VERNON DEPARTMENT.

Managed by Jno. B. Fish.

Thanksgiving turkeys are scarce. Not a great many will be used up here.

The track on the railroad switch at this place is being laid with steel rails.

We have had two days of almost continual snow, but it disappeared as fast as it fell.

F. L. Thompson and wife have returned from a visit to relatives in Garrard. W. G. Adams is back from Missouri. Representative W. R. Rumsby, of London, was in town this week.

The special term of the County Court yesterday resolved to build a new county jail. They passed a resolution asking the Legislature to give the county power to sell the county's bonds to the amount not exceeding \$8,000 for the purpose of building said jail. J. W. Brown, J. K. McCrary and M. J. Cook were appointed a committee to draft a bill and present it before the Legislature at its session this winter.

The Legislator will build a very respectable one and jailor's residence. It will be impossible to begin work for nearly twelve months yet.

Stock hogs 3 cents and corn \$1.50 per barrel are the ruling figures in Scott.

Parquet Springs, near Sheppertonville, were sold for judicial decree at Louisville, on Oct. 21, by Gen. W.

Simmons for \$1,100.

MARRIAGES.

Married, at Monticello, Ky., Nov. 22, by Rev. W. J. Hollislaw, Mr. Hiram R. Hays, County Attorney of Wayne county, and Miss Eva Owens, of Palaski county.

In Pennsylvania a girl under age and without parents has to have a guardian appointed to sign her request for a marriage license, in case she wants to get married.

The proceeding costs \$15. More than the average girl in that State is worth.

In the breach of promise suit of Miss Bettie Turner against Mr. Thomas M. Ryan, at Mayfield, in which damage to the amount of \$5,000 was claimed, the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff, awarding her \$1,000. The verdict is heartily approved by the community.

RELIGIOUS.

The fair church people are holding a convention in Philadelphia.

St. Joseph's, the first colored Catholic church in Virginia, was dedicated at Richmond.

Mr. Beecher announces that the charities of the late H. B. Claflin amounted to about one million dollars.

The revival now in progress at the Baptist church conducted by Rev. J. J. Taylor has resulted in twenty conversions.

—[Winchester Sun]

The missionary societies of the Methodist church have appropriated the great sum of \$1,155,236 for home and foreign missions during the ensuing year.

William Noble, the English temperance lecturer, plays an accompaniment on the concertina when he sings and calls upon his hearers to don the blue ribbon.

A Thanksgiving service in which all the churches are invited to participate will be held at the Methodist church this morning. Rev. F. S. Pollitt will preach at 11 o'clock.

Rev. Henry N. Schrader has received a flattering and unanimous call to the pastorate of the First Presbyterian church of Little Rock, the largest church in Arkansas. He will probably accept.

Evangelist W. P. Harvey, Superintendent of Baptist Mission of the East district of Kentucky, in the last two months has raised \$2,500 for missions, held fifteen revivals, resulting in 405 additions, and organized seven churches at important centers of influence.—[Concord Journal.]

Another faith-cure story has been set afloat. It relates this time to Miss Jennie Brown, a young lady of Newark, O., who has been brought to the verge of the grave by consumption, and who was last Monday anointed and prayed for by a disciple of the theory. She got up the next morning and continued during the week to regain her health with astonishing rapidity.

LAND, STOCK AND CROP.

Big lot of Salt at T. R. Walton's.

J. E. Lynn sold to Tom Wood 34 fat cattle, averaging about 1,100 lbs., at \$12 cents.

J. M. Hail sold to Ad. Catron 39 sloping cattle weighing about 900 pounds, at \$2 cents.

A. B. Bowling, of Fayette, bought 180 feeding cattle, weighing 1,150, at \$4 to \$4 1/2 cents.

[Paris News.]

Mr. J. C. Hays has bought principally in Laurel county, 38 head of 1 to 6 year-old mules at prices ranging from \$75 to \$125.

The Times says the Georgetown Creamery is more than paying expenses since it has been run as an individual and not as a stockholder's enterprise.

A dozen big cheeses, weighing from fifteen hundred to three thousand pounds, recently arrived at New York on their way to the English and Scotch markets.

Dr. Doug Price has sold his flock of 128 turkeys at \$1 each. They are what the Dr. calls the yellow red, and are remarkable for their size.—[Lexington Press.]

Best butcher cattle are in demand in Louisville at \$1 to \$4, other grades drag at \$1 1/2 to 4 cents. Smooth packing hogs are active at \$3 to \$3 1/2. Sheep are firm at 1 to 3 cents.

The next annual meeting of the Kentucky State Horticultural Society takes place at Glasgow, December 1, 1886, and the L. & N. announces a rate of four cents for the round trip.

GOING TO KANSAS!

GREAT CLOSING - OUT SALE!

—Of the Combined Stocks of—

HAYDEN & LYCLE!

STANFORD, - - - - - KENTUCKY.

In order to close out our Immense Stock of Dry Goods by January 1st, as we leave then for the West, we offer at retail

Twenty Thousand Dollars Worth

Of Dry Goods, Notions, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Clothing, Fancy Goods, Etc.,
Etc., at and below Wholesale Cost.

A greater portion of the stock is NEW AND SEASONABLE, having been bought for the present season's trade, and the Goods are of Superior Quality and Style, adapted to the requirements of the best trade. The unseasonable goods in stock are selling BELOW FIRST COST and induce purchasers to buy and carry over for Spring and Summer use. Great BARGAINS are offered in a limited amount of tail-end and slightly damaged goods, sold regardless of cost to insure quick sales. The sale is strictly for cash and no accounts will be made.

HAYDEN & LYCLE.

I. & N. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Mail train going North..... 1:30 P.M.
South..... 1:45 P.M.
Express train..... 1:45 P.M.
Express train..... 1:52 A.M.
North..... 2:05 A.M.

These times are calculated on standard time. Actual time is about 20 minutes faster.

LOCAL NOTICES.

Buy your school books from Penny & McAllister.

McROBERTS & STAGG are head-quarters for ammunition.

Guns at all prices at McRoberts & Stagg's, from \$2.50 to \$100.

COMPLETE stock of school books and school supplies at McAllister & Stagg's.

WATCHES and Jewelry repaired on short notice and warranted by Penny & McAllister.

Buy the Hoss Hog Remedy, the original and only genuine, from Penny & McAllister.

A COMPLETE stock of jewelry, latest style. Rockford watches a specialty. Penny & McAllister.

LOCAL MATTERS.

A SUITE of excellent front rooms for rent. Apply in E. P. Owsley.

NEW Sorghum molasses and new crop N. O. Sugar at Bright & Metcalf's.

SEVERANCE BROS. will serve oysters in style during the canary pulling Friday evening.

PESSOSS indebted to me by note on account will confer a favor by settling at once as I wish to close up my business. J. W. Hayden.

MEAT CUTTERS, lard cans, salt, eggs, black and Cayenne pepper, butcher knives, in fact everything needed in hog killing, for sale by T. R. Walton.

A TREAT is in store for all who attend the Peck's Bad Boy Performance of 200 blankets for the purpose of showing its patrons that a wide awake man always tells the readers of newspapers when he has bargains.

OWING to the failure of some of the merchants to sign a paper agreeing to close, the stores in town will be open as usual today. The banks will be closed and so will this office, while at the postoffice Sunday hours will be observed.

AN offer has been made by Cincinnati parties to establish gas works at Winchester to cost \$30,000, for which they ask no subscription, only asking the council to give them the right of way and agree to have the streets lighted. We wish they would come this way with the same proposition.

Mr. F. J. CAMPBELL, of the Rock Castle Springs Co., sent a number of his friends here a bottle each of the celebrated Springs water yesterday, and he has put it on sale at the drug store at 25 cents. It has been demonstrated that the water loses little or no virtue in being bottled and that it can be used with great benefit. A fortune awaits

A much needed pavement is being laid in Court Square from Lancaster street.

THIRTY dozen pairs of Roller skates in good order for sale. W. P. Walton, Stanford.

THESE are calculated on standard time. Actual time is about 20 minutes faster.

BRICK — Two hundred and fifty thousand, and half, well-burned, for sale by Henry Baughman.

THE Commissioner advertises over a dozen farms to be sold at auction December 1st. County Court day.

SHAPPER, the Artist, is at his old stand ready to do anything in the picture line. New styles and new prices for the Holiday.

WATCHES and Jewelry repaired on short notice and warranted by Penny & McAllister.

Buy the Hoss Hog Remedy, the original and only genuine, from Penny & McAllister.

A COMPLETE stock of jewelry, latest style. Rockford watches a specialty. Penny & McAllister.

THE Louisville Truth says: Col. John K. Faulkner has gone to his old home, Lancaster, to reside. He thought for some time of starting a business here, but finally gave up the idea. His friends in Louisville will see him here now and then.

SEE our line of heating stoves, coal vases, kitchen sets, &c., before buying. The largest and cheapest lot in town. Bright & Metcalf.

THIS is a good snap for hog killing and the farmers are putting in best licks. Spare ribs and sausage are therefore the fashionable dish now.

ALL parties indebted to me by account or note will please call and settle at once. My business must be closed up by Jan. 1st.

MESSRS. W. P. GRIMES and W. B. McRoberts attended the Miller-Moore marriage at Paris.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

PERSONAL.

MR. AND MRS. S. E. LACKEY returned to Gallatin yesterday.

MRS. LELIA LYNAM, of Louisville, is visiting her mother, Mrs. King.

MRS. T. R. WALTON has returned from a visit to Mrs. William Royston, in Carroll.

JOE EMBRY came over from the State College to spend Thanksgiving with his parents.

MESSRS. W. P. GRIMES and W. B.

McRoberts attended the Miller-Moore

marriage at Paris.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered

from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered

from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered

from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered

from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered

from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered

from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered

from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered

from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered

from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered

from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered

from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered

from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered

from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered

from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered

from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered

from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered

from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered

from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered

from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered

from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered

from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

MURRAY, the Artist, has so far recovered

from his late accident as to be able to start to Texas yesterday.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

HEEGE'S

LEE S. HUFFMAN,
STANFORD, KY.
Office—South side Main Street, two doors above
the Myers Hotel;
Pure Nitroa Oxide Gas administered when re-
quired.

FOR SALE!

I wish to sell three small tracts of good Hunting
Land, one containing 15 Acres, one 60
Acres and the third 140 Acres, the latter
with comfortable improvements, all rich land
and good timber. Also, 160 Acres No.
1 Knob Land in Maysville, Ky., for a man
of this land has been lately surveyed and any one
wishing to purchase in view of my calling on me,
will sell for cash or at any reasonable price,
with interest at 6 per cent.

A. H. FELAND,

P.

ARROYO CITY BANK.

[E. Hough in The Current.]
Arroyo City, in her own opinion, was very nearly the Leadville of the southwest. In order to become so entirely, it was only necessary that she should have a bank. The honest miners were tired of using due-bills, and grocery orders and iron disks as currency; even postoffice orders could not always be cashed on demand. They wanted to have a little book to carry in their pockets. They wanted to have a bank account. They wanted to have a place where they could assume mere intimate relations with that vaguely understood commodity which they had heard spoken of in eastern exchange. And, reasoned they, in addition to the vast increase of personal dignity which would be brought about by the establishment of such an institution, the tone of a city which could support it must needs be infinitely above that of any low-down camp like Bonito Canon, which had but two newspapers to its name, and no prospects whatever of a bank.

But as yet there had appeared no prophet in Israel, and it is probable that Arroyo City would have been forever debarred from this pinnacle of glory, but it not been for Messrs. Borson, Chalmers, Thompson & Co. The firm of capitalists, who were bent upon developing the camp, had been attracted to it in its early days. It was they who erected the electric compensating mill.

As the joint capital of the firm amounted to a very few thousands of dollars, they had decided not to build one of the old-fashioned stamp-mills, but to erect one which would do twice the work in one-fourth the time, and cost only one-half the money. By this, it is plain to see, they would secure very great arithmetical advantages; and this, the investor told them, the electric compensating mill would do, or money cheerfully refunded. There are a great many kinds of gold in the Rocky mountains, and I do not believe there are very many electric compensating mills. It is said that the inventors tried to build an other like that of Arroyo City, but failed to do so, and when they died, his secret perishing with him.

But I would not be understood as saying a word agaist this mill. It was a source of great pride to Arroyo City; for she knew that neither in the heavens above or in the waters under the earth was there anything that resembled it. It certainly gave employment to a large body of men, although it was a very small mill. And it certainly did, by its peculiar system of grinding and crushing, so far reduce the local area that it was impossible with a single gold-pan, to wash quite considerable quantities of "dust" from its "tailings," so if one found himself in that interesting condition usually called "Send broke," he could always secure there from a respectable return for his labor. To be sure, the mill should have saved all this gold; but, as the honest miners reasoned, it was much better in the tailings than not at all. The mill did not run very long. It was of few days and full of trouble. But its history was as intimately connected with that of the Arroyo City bank that I must not here further pursue. Enough has been said, I trust, to show that Messrs. Borson, Chalmers, Thompson & Co. were shrewd, enterprising, and thoughtful business men, and very fair types of the hystorical eastern capitalists who have developed the mineral resources of our western territories. Indeed, Mr. Chalmers' resident manager of the company's interests (they owned several extensive mining claims, for the most part in an excellent state of preservation, by reason of their having been thoroughly "salted" before purchase) has often been heard to say that he and his company were indomitable, and that they meant to help the camp.

Mr. Chalmers was a short young man, who were very high looks, a very large revolver, and, it is alleged, a full beard. He always spelled the manager part of his name with a very large M. He was well qualified to succeed in the mines, by reason of having studied geology, and likewise well qualified to succeed in life, by reason of having studied political economy. He often said that the secret of success with him lay in finding a want and then filling it.

"Frishes at this bar," said Andy Johnson in his arraignment, "the charges agaist ye is first, that ye have been playin' blind game on to this camp from first to last, an' blin' on no kind of hand at all; second, that ya ain't paid yer honest debts; an' don't intend to; third, that ye have imposed on to the confidence an' foolishness of the sacerdotal feelings of this here community, by a perfidious' to start a bank here when you hadn't money enough to set into a decent game of poker, an' a spung' in a game on to us'll make us the high-stick stock of the whole Rocky mountain an' a hy-wood an' reproach for even Bonito Canon; fourth, that ye have been guilty of kickin' her which is scoundrelish an' unforgivable; fifth, that ya'r a pernicious scoundrel, an' a scoundrel, that this here camp didn't no good for. You better git it there, I reckon."

So they got it there, and twenty minutes later two tripod stools in the street (for there was not a lamp-post in Arroyo City, and not a tree or a house or a cross-roads where a man could so decently hang up) and the two scoundrels were having their trial.

The scoundrels were served so promptly on Mr. Chalmers that he had not time to brush the steaming from his coat.

"Frishes at this bar," said Andy Johnson in his arraignment, "the charges agaist ye is first, that ye have been playin' blind game on to this camp from first to last, an' blin' on no kind of hand at all; second, that ya ain't paid yer honest debts; an' don't intend to; third, that ye have imposed on to the confidence an' foolishness of the sacerdotal feelings of this here community, by a perfidious' to start a bank here when you hadn't money enough to set into a decent game of poker, an' a spung' in a game on to us'll make us the high-stick stock of the whole Rocky mountain an' a hy-wood an' reproach for even Bonito Canon; fourth, that ye have been guilty of kickin' her which is scoundrelish an' unforgivable; fifth, that ya'r a pernicious scoundrel, an' a scoundrel, that this here camp didn't no good for. You better git it there, I reckon."

Col. George F. Boal, Jr., Esq., the plump lawyer from Kentucky, here thrust in his blearied face an' asked to be allowed to make a speech for the prosecution. His request was denied; whereupon he dispatched a note to the prisoners, offering to defend them for \$10 cash. A very bumptious practitioner, C. George F. Boal, Jr., Esq., not one well qualified to succeed, by reason of his great flow of language and his very imposing signature.

But precisely at this juncture happened a very strange thing—the only thing which minked this story of any interest to me at all. There appeared at the edge of the crowd a comely and well dressed young woman, who at once made her way to the side of the prisoners. White-faced, watery-eyed, and bewifled, she put her hand upon the bowed shoulders of the creatures, stared her, and, looking about her, said: "Then sure you will not hurt him, sir, I say, my husband!" A gasp—a very groan, went up from the crowd of men.

But it was, indeed, Mr. Chalmers' wife, who had unexpectedly arrived during the past week to pay her husband a short visit, and who presence in this camp was not generally known. At the very ticklish moment the whole history of these two could be read—the old, old story of a hard-wooded, womanly woman found for his to a despicable pretense of a man; a man who had married her for his money, which he had squandered. Why are thesethings? In the southwest one says: "Qien salve!" "He is my husband," she said again.

"Frishes at the bar," said Andy Johnson, slowly shaking his finger in the face of Mr. Chalmers, "the last charge agaist ye is the wif. Why didn't you tell us you had such a wif? Not content with ruinin' the reputation of this camp, you have come blame near throwin' on us the diabolical disgrace of havin' acted unmerciful to a woman—an' the purliest woman as ever struck Arroyo City." He removed his hat. He had kept it on in the presence of death. "Boys," he continued, "Arroyo City's party low down in the pan now, I allows that's so. But it won't never do, it ja' never won't do, to have it salt of her that she left a pore

And all this time the legs of specie stood unopened in the back room of the saloon, but which was to be the bank building. It was explained that the arrival of the bank fixtures was awaited, and impatient citizens were asked to remember that the bank could no more be started without a mahogany counter and a plate glass teller's table than it could without legs of specie.

Arroyo City grew impatent. A

evening, wherein it was unanimously resolved that upon the following day, first, the bank should open; second, a cleaning up should be made. This action was communicated to Mr. Chalmers, but so far from being pleased at the interest manifested, he appeared much disconcerted, and, with a very pale face, hastened over to consult his colleague, Mr. Azrael McPhuntion, a young man of small chin, large revolver, and diamond ring, who was to assume the duties of cashier in the bank. Mr. McPhuntion was a cousin of Mr. Borson, and was resident manager of a very large corporation whose interests (in paper) were centered at Arroyo City.

Now I shall scarcely be credited in saying, as I nevertheless must say, that these two be whiskered and be-pistoled young borderers were natives of the good old Quaker city of Philadelphia, and themselves retained the habits of their youth. To be sure, they bore arms, but they never used them, nor would either of them have said so much as a rabbit, even could he have hit it, as indeed neither could have done; nor yet a conourse of large rabbits.

"I tell thee, Mac, we're in a box!" said Mr. Chalmers, Manager.

"Well, Ell, don't I know that! I'm just as belly scared as thee is!" said Azrael, nervously.

"No thou isn't!"

"Yes, I am, too, I tell thee!"

"Well, Ell, I wish thet tell me what to do! 'Well, so far as I can see, Ell, we'll have to open the bank!" And so it was concluded.

The first thing in order on the following morning was the "clean-up." And it resulted in a large amount of mercury and a small, a very small, amount of gold. In fact, so small was it that I could still tell about mentioning it at all. A short time later, as all were discussing this result, up came the Las Vegas mail. And this mail contained thirty letters from Las Vegas. And each letter had, not a postale or order, or draft, or currency, but—a diamond check.

Then it was asked where Mr. Chalmers could be. He was not present. All at once some one called out: "The bank! Let's make the bank pay our checks!"

A few minutes later the Arroyo City bank was filled with a quite cool crowd of men; the foremost bore each two bits of paper, the other said "No funds." To meet this unexpected run upon the bank, stood behind the counter Mr. Azrael McPhuntion, pale and trembling. A hatchet was handed him, and he was requested to open the safe of specie. Mechanically he drove in the heads of the keys. The first showed silver dollars; the second, unopened rouleaux of gold; the third— "Scientific men," said Mr. McPhuntion, growing bolder, "I cannot honor these checks. They are not drawn on this bank, but on a bank in Las Vegas. Of course, it's all right, but I can't pay them till the technicalities are straightened out." He further explained, very earnestly, that other parties besides Messrs. Borson, Chalmers, Thompson & Co. were interested in the Arroyo City bank, and to make such payments, before the books were fairly open, would cause serious complications throughout the banking world, which would probably destroy the New York clearing house, and create great distress in the markets for eastern exchange.

"Eastern exchange be—!" said Andy Johnson. "You open them kags!"

Mr. McPhuntion stepped from in front of the third key. Andy Johnson bent forward and looked at its contents. "Boys," said he, carelessly drawing his revolver and resting it upon the counter, "boys, this here's the first bank openin' I ever tended, and moble Iaint very well up on such matters, but I never could see, nor I can see now, what's the use—what's the use, boys, in a bank's havin' its spechures mixed in with ten-penny nail?" said he, continuing, in the same wench followed. "Fatty Morgan's gots some of the bo'st packin' tops ever come to the camp. You better git it there, I reckon."

So they got it there, and twenty minutes later two tripod stools in the street (for there was not a lamp-post in Arroyo City, and not a tree or a house or a cross-roads where a man could so decently hang up) and the two scoundrels were having their trial.

The scoundrels were served so promptly on Mr. Chalmers that he had not time to brush the steaming from his coat.

"Frishes at this bar," said Andy Johnson in his arraignment, "the charges agaist ye is first, that ye have been playin' blind game on to this camp from first to last, an' blin' on no kind of hand at all; second, that ya ain't paid yer honest debts; an' don't intend to; third, that ye have imposed on to the confidence an' foolishness of the sacerdotal feelings of this here community, by a perfidious' to start a bank here when you hadn't money enough to set into a decent game of poker, an' a spung' in a game on to us'll make us the high-stick stock of the whole Rocky mountain an' a hy-wood an' reproach for even Bonito Canon; fourth, that ye have been guilty of kickin' her which is scoundrelish an' unforgivable; fifth, that ya'r a pernicious scoundrel, an' a scoundrel, that this here camp didn't no good for. You better git it there, I reckon."

So they got it there, and twenty minutes later two tripod stools in the street (for there was not a lamp-post in Arroyo City, and not a tree or a house or a cross-roads where a man could so decently hang up) and the two scoundrels were having their trial.

The scoundrels were served so promptly on Mr. Chalmers that he had not time to brush the steaming from his coat.

"Frishes at this bar," said Andy Johnson in his arraignment, "the charges agaist ye is first, that ye have been playin' blind game on to this camp from first to last, an' blin' on no kind of hand at all; second, that ya ain't paid yer honest debts; an' don't intend to; third, that ye have imposed on to the confidence an' foolishness of the sacerdotal feelings of this here community, by a perfidious' to start a bank here when you hadn't money enough to set into a decent game of poker, an' a spung' in a game on to us'll make us the high-stick stock of the whole Rocky mountain an' a hy-wood an' reproach for even Bonito Canon; fourth, that ye have been guilty of kickin' her which is scoundrelish an' unforgivable; fifth, that ya'r a pernicious scoundrel, an' a scoundrel, that this here camp didn't no good for. You better git it there, I reckon."

So they got it there, and twenty minutes later two tripod stools in the street (for there was not a lamp-post in Arroyo City, and not a tree or a house or a cross-roads where a man could so decently hang up) and the two scoundrels were having their trial.

The scoundrels were served so promptly on Mr. Chalmers that he had not time to brush the steaming from his coat.

"Frishes at this bar," said Andy Johnson in his arraignment, "the charges agaist ye is first, that ye have been playin' blind game on to this camp from first to last, an' blin' on no kind of hand at all; second, that ya ain't paid yer honest debts; an' don't intend to; third, that ye have imposed on to the confidence an' foolishness of the sacerdotal feelings of this here community, by a perfidious' to start a bank here when you hadn't money enough to set into a decent game of poker, an' a spung' in a game on to us'll make us the high-stick stock of the whole Rocky mountain an' a hy-wood an' reproach for even Bonito Canon; fourth, that ye have been guilty of kickin' her which is scoundrelish an' unforgivable; fifth, that ya'r a pernicious scoundrel, an' a scoundrel, that this here camp didn't no good for. You better git it there, I reckon."

So they got it there, and twenty minutes later two tripod stools in the street (for there was not a lamp-post in Arroyo City, and not a tree or a house or a cross-roads where a man could so decently hang up) and the two scoundrels were having their trial.

The scoundrels were served so promptly on Mr. Chalmers that he had not time to brush the steaming from his coat.

"Frishes at this bar," said Andy Johnson in his arraignment, "the charges agaist ye is first, that ye have been playin' blind game on to this camp from first to last, an' blin' on no kind of hand at all; second, that ya ain't paid yer honest debts; an' don't intend to; third, that ye have imposed on to the confidence an' foolishness of the sacerdotal feelings of this here community, by a perfidious' to start a bank here when you hadn't money enough to set into a decent game of poker, an' a spung' in a game on to us'll make us the high-stick stock of the whole Rocky mountain an' a hy-wood an' reproach for even Bonito Canon; fourth, that ye have been guilty of kickin' her which is scoundrelish an' unforgivable; fifth, that ya'r a pernicious scoundrel, an' a scoundrel, that this here camp didn't no good for. You better git it there, I reckon."

So they got it there, and twenty minutes later two tripod stools in the street (for there was not a lamp-post in Arroyo City, and not a tree or a house or a cross-roads where a man could so decently hang up) and the two scoundrels were having their trial.

The scoundrels were served so promptly on Mr. Chalmers that he had not time to brush the steaming from his coat.

"Frishes at this bar," said Andy Johnson in his arraignment, "the charges agaist ye is first, that ye have been playin' blind game on to this camp from first to last, an' blin' on no kind of hand at all; second, that ya ain't paid yer honest debts; an' don't intend to; third, that ye have imposed on to the confidence an' foolishness of the sacerdotal feelings of this here community, by a perfidious' to start a bank here when you hadn't money enough to set into a decent game of poker, an' a spung' in a game on to us'll make us the high-stick stock of the whole Rocky mountain an' a hy-wood an' reproach for even Bonito Canon; fourth, that ye have been guilty of kickin' her which is scoundrelish an' unforgivable; fifth, that ya'r a pernicious scoundrel, an' a scoundrel, that this here camp didn't no good for. You better git it there, I reckon."

young woman a widow an' alone in this country."

(A voice: "We can take care of her!")

"To be sure we can take care of her, an' very likely better than this fellow, but boys, I really must say that ain't the point. A woman's almighty particular about such things; an' I couldn't, as far's I'm concerned, I jest really couldn't—oh, why, a woman allus did make a fool o' me!"

There was silence. Col. George F. Boal, Jr., Esq., began to make a speech. Somebody suppressed him. The two managers sat with tear-streaked faces, looking from side to side. Above them stood the woman, head upright, braver than ever.

"He is my husband," she murmured.

And that is how it happened that the prisoners were allowed to depart from Arroyo City; Mr. McPhuntion being contemptuously pushed after his comrade with the remark that "the tail of the ox went with the hide". A hundred men watched them, bands in pockets and profanity aflow.

And as they went, the woman—unnatural sight—wiped away the tears from the eyes of him who should always have dried her own. And the full sun in the west shone hard upon the shame of it as she led him up the hill.

"VOLAPUK."

A UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE WHICH PROMISES TO PROVE PRACTICAL

Principles Upon Which It Is Founded—What Scientific Men Think of It—Easily Acquired and of Remarkable Simplicity.

(Paris Cor. New York Times.)

There is no manner of use in searching on any man for Volapuk. There is no such place as the Volapukians, there is no such people as the Volapukians, and yet there is a language called "Volapuk," which does exist, which was born all armed, as Minerva was born from the brain of Zeus, with its grammar and its dictionary and its rules, and of which the acknowledged parent is a German professor at the university of Constance. It is quite a young idiom—the date of its official entrance into the world was 1881—and it is not yet above suspicion, but it seems to be vigorously constituted, and it has thrived considerably during the first four years of its existence.

The most terrible trial of non-polyglots as, everybody admits, is the diversity of tongues; certainly, if every one spoke French, or English, or German we should be spared this ennuis, but, unfortunately, any nation is weak enough to have its own language, and there is no reason to hope for the advent of that blessed movement-sprout! Will there ever be enough Volapukians to impose the study of Volapuk as a necessity?

If it should procure me other advantages than to permit a correspondence with Messrs. Schleyer and Kerckhoff, it will be merely a division, but if one finds the certainty that a two months' study of it will help a man anywhere to converse with strangers, there is no doubt that every merchant, sailor, and traveler will take it up eagerly. But everything depends upon this feeling of certainty. Perhaps an international congress of scientists' may, after examination, give an official sanction to the invention and introduce it into commercial schools, which would be a great point gained.

I say perhaps, for scientists are opposed to innovations, and to sanction anything so practical would be a terrible blow to routine; and so I see, on the one side, M. Schleyer and M. Kerckhoff with this "Volapuk," and on the other, the indifference of the mass of humanity to everything not directly affecting their personal interests.

It is said that the strolling string bands, consisting chiefly of Italian Jews or Polish Jews, are controlled by two enterprising young men, who are as despoiled in their way as the Italian Antonio. It is customary for these strolling bands to start out early in the morning and keep out until late at night—indeed, as long as there is a chance of making anything. Rainy days are passed indoors rehearsing. The instrumentalists are required to rehearse frequently, but the organ-grinder takes no such pains. He spends his leisure time training his monkey, who soon becomes his inseparable companion, sharing his humble bunk with him in Antonio's lodging-house and his simple meal with him. The Italian organ-grinder is generally passed into the picnics and such festive scenes as he frequents, and allowed to make all he can; but the strolling bands are required to pay for the privileges of playing on the excursion-boats and such occasions.

It is stated that the controller or manager of the larger of the two of these organizations of strolling musicians, pays the round sum of \$2,700 for the privilege of the exclusive supply of the music on a popular line of excursion-boats. From this it is evident that their collections must amount to quite a considerable sum. Interviewed on the subject, the collector of one of these bands in a leisure moment between times, when the passengers were embarking, observed: "I tell you, it is a paying business. How! Well, there have been at least 1,200 passengers on the boat. Now, on the trip down we played in every section of the boat—that is, in every group of, say, 300 people—and passed the last amount. Now, say that only 400 of the 1,200 aboard gives 5 cents each, that makes \$20. Certain trips are only good on the way

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

Stamford, Ky. - November 26, 1885

E. C. WALTON, - Business Manager.

GEO. O. BARNES.

*"Praise the Lord. God is Love and Nothing Else."*SAHARANPUR, Oct. 12, '85
AMERICAN MISSION PREMISES

[CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE.]

At the last moment George's courage failed her and instead of giving her away she hoisted it into her "dandy" and brought him off in triumph. We leave him with Bro. Ewing, here, "to be called for"—as the fiction aforesaid hath it. What creatures we are, to be sure! Our second parrot "suicided" as the first, a week or two ago. The silly creature gnawed her little twine string that guarded her life, while curtailing her liberty, flew off and was doubtless devoured by those buccaneers of plain and mountain, the omnivorous crows. Well! "liberty or death" sounds grandiloquent and poor "Polly" died for the assertion of that glorious principle. Whether staying with kind, indulgent owners, enduring the "ills she knew," was better or worse than "lying to others that she knew not of," I leave to Hamlet and the rest to decide. I only know that George, whose inmost soul is harrowed by the loss of her dumb favorites, was in a pitiable frame of mind for a while after Polly took "French leave." Parrots, like "Republies, are ungrateful!"

We came down a day sooner than we at first intended in order to reach Lucknow and the Durbar meeting in time to have a clear day of rest before they begin.

Our heavy baggage we store here, subject to order when we know where our next halt will be. The dear Lord has his programme, but hasn't told it to us yet. We only know Him, and are only too glad to let him do the planning, without the least wish to pry or know his mind, till the time comes.

A plough from the cool hill top to the still scorching plain, was yesterday's journey. 8,000 feet make a tremendous difference. This morning I was delighted to take off thick underwear and don the thin next things I could muster in my wardrobe, previously pouring indefinite gurahs of water over my thirsty cuticle and feeling a certain duck-like longing to "paddle" ad libitum in the cooling element. At Landour one has mild hydrophobia all the time. However, we all bask in this invigorating climate, with its intense oriental surroundings. Palm trees, planted by my dear old Bro. Campbell—who made this Saharanpur Station the little paradise it is—wave in front of our windows, and the little seedlings of various kinds his loving hand placed in the kindly soil, have developed into the stately forest growths of 1885—fifty years since he put them in to grow, having passed over their healthful heads.

We came down Landour hill as we went up—in "dandies," and bore on the backs of men. This "canoe" of the mountains is an indispensable adjunct of the household. At Rijpore—at the foot of the hill—we took "dak garies," which, being interpreted, mean traveling carriages. Two sufficed our party, though they are generally allowed to only two passengers each. I have not before described them, I believe. They are peculiar to India, and the come were "up the country" in, in the year '55. Only then, each carriage was drawn by 6 coolies instead of as yesterday—two fiery, half-broken steeds, of diminutive size but colossal tempers.

By inserting a middle cushion, spanning the square well, occupied by the feet when in a sitting posture, the machine becomes a fairly comfortable bed. Indeed they are most frequently used for eight journeys, and one sleep, as well or better in them than in "sleeping cars" on a railroad. We came 50 miles from Rijpore—in 8½ hours. Going, we made it in 7. The horses are "sui generis." Understated, untamed, "un" everything else that is desirable, except speed; when the chronic contest with the patient native groom is ended, and they make up their stubborn minds to go. They are off like a pair of rockets. Willfulness seems transformed into willingness in a trice, and the lumbering vehicle behind, with passengers and indefinite luggage a trifit light as air."

This is what happens at nearly every stage or "Chowkee"—which is only five miles on an average. The two, loose jointed, Roman-nosed, evil-eyed, low-withered, ewe-necked wretches are led out by doubtful attendants, expecting a bite, kick or other token of temper, at any time the animals "take a notion" to vary the exercise. A preliminary struggle at the carriage pole—the brutes seeming determined to face the carriage instead of having it in the rear. In the war of contending human and equine wills, the animals occasionally get within kicking or biting distance of each other and with a squeal of rage execute a little private "milk" between themselves, preparatory to the graver struggle with the tyrant man.

At last, after a most spirited combat with "all hands," they are "hitched in." Then comes the real "tug of war." The astonished and innocent passenger finds them, at the first plunge, looking in at the carriage door, the brutes evidently hoping by this "link movement" to snap the pole, not being able to apprehend man's ingenuity in carriage construction, adapting the vehicles to the known eccentricities of the animals attached to them.

The fiery pair stand on their hind feet pawing the air. They then kick in concert and separately. Again man's wit

balks them, the carriage being impregnable to such attack.

The groom twists ears, right and left until you would think they would be torn out by the roots. Then they beat a while with sticks and whips. Then panging to invent some fresh torture, the horses, without a moment's warning, dash off at a mad gallop, the coachman shouts triumphantly and "the red field is won." Such is Indian horse management. Rarely has never visited these parts, and if he did would make few converts. Their children will not insult their memories by pretending to impose upon the wisdom of "the ancients."

The world over this sort of thing is going on in one shape and another, though men suspect it not. "Thou art the man"—then the woman, perhaps, dear reader. Ever in Jesus,

GARFIELD COUNTY DEPARTMENT.

Lancaster.

—Three hundred Dwt. 18 K. plain Rings and 12 new patterns in Diamond Rings, suitable for engagements, wedding and birthday presents. J. C. Thompson, Lancaster, Ky.

—Grand opening Dec. 7th of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, French Marble and Gold Clocks, Dressed China Bric-a-brac, Bust Figures, Oil Paintings and a full stock of Holiday goods. Positively the largest stock in Central Ky. I want to see all my friends on Dec. 7, 8 and 9. J. C. Thompson, Lancaster, Ky.

HALS GAP, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—The meeting at Walnut Flat closed Thursday night.

—Mr. J. C. Hill has sold 30 acres of land to R. F. Campbell at \$30 per acre.

—A nice candy party at Mr. J. G. Martin's Monday night was largely attended and very much enjoyed by the young folks.

—Mr. J. Otenbeiner, of Crab Orchard, was here yesterday. Mrs. James Beddoe has malarial fever. Boone Martin, of Anderson county, is here this week. Miss Ella Collier, of Flizzel Patch, is the guest of Miss Lillie Martin.

—Emma Bastin, daughter of Alex. Bastin, Esq., and a fellow by the name of DeLaney, from Otoe county, Nebraska, eloped to Jellico, Tenn., last week and were married. They returned a few days ago and have since gone to Nebraska.

—A subscription has recently been raised for the purpose of building a turnpike here, beginning near Mr. J. E. Lynn's on the Halls Gap pike, running in a south-east direction and terminating at Cox's Gap, some two or three miles south-west of Crab Orchard. Such a road has long since been needed here and if built it will be in honor to this section of the county.

—Dr. J. L. Brown, the young physician mentioned in our last report, came over from Mt. Sterling Monday and proceeded at once to look over the country and get acquainted with the people. It seemed well pleased with the situation and went back to make arrangements for removing to this place, where he intends to open an office and solicit practice and make his future home.

Prohibition Meeting.

At a meeting of the advocates of Prohibition the following resolution were adopted:

Resolved. That we meet again the first Monday in December, (County Court day) at the Court-house in Stamford, at one o'clock P. M., and that each one present constitute a committee to work up as full a meeting as possible.

2d. That M. G. Nevius, Joseph Ballou, R. Root, S. Murphy, J. D. Bastin, H. Young, T. J. Foster, Doc Helm, Joshua Myers, J. B. Green, J. W. Weatherford, John K. Spratt, Jas. Hutchinson, Dr. Doores, L. M. Lyley, John Anderson, J. Martin, Lewis Dudder, Sr., Lewis Dudder, John O. Neal, Lewis Gooch, Tifford Alexander, J. T. Hackley, Dr. W. W. Owsley, G. P. Bright and Joseph Mount be requested to meet us at the next meeting as above stated, to confer together as to our future operations.

3d. That we invite all good citizens in the county, who are favorable towards the suppression of the liquor traffic, to meet with us on the aforementioned occasion.

4th. That the INTERIOR JOURNAL be requested to publish these proceedings and Danville Advocate to copy.

P. L. SIMPSON, Chem. DR. M. L. BOURNE, Secy.

THE GEORGIA GIRLS.—It is really true that Grover Cleveland wants to marry him before coming to Georgia and look about him before making a selection elsewhere. The Georgia girl is finely formed, straight, true steel, tender-hearted and takes her beauty fresh from the hand of that kindly nature that surrounds her. When she wed she honoree prince, potentate or private citizen, and whom she will wed. We simply propose to put him in the way to work out his own salvation. Honors, power and titles will avail him nothing, for the Georgia girl is not a Muggwump, flirting with first one party and then another. She follows her heart and sticketh closer than a brother. War can not shake her off, pestilence disturbs her not, misfortune but tightens her grip and poverty she laughs at. The man who marries a typical Georgia girl and continues to be a man has a wife for all eternity. This is the situation. If Grover is looking for that kind of a girl let him come down and take his chances.—[Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.]

Recently a fire broke out near a large menagerie at Moscow. As it was impossible to save all the lions and elephants, the manager of the establishment was requested to point out such of the treasures as could be removed with safety. When he passed by the monkey cage a big orang-outang screamed out: "For God's sake let me out. I never was a monkey until I came here. I am an honest man; save me."

An old physician, retired from practice, having placed in his hands by an East India mission, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Cataract, Asthmas and all Throat and Lung Ailments, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Morris, 119 Powers Block, Roche-ster, N. Y.

THANKSGIVING.

Every day will I bless Thee—Psalm 115:2.
Once daily the great God above
Doth make His mercy known.
And all the blessings of His love
Are on our pathway strown.
Let thanks to Him each day be paid
And mention of His mercy made,
While songs attend His throne.It's creatures for a single day
He never did forget;
Ah, who might ever hope to pay
The overwhelming debt?
His mercy doth all thought exceed;
How readily our every need
Is that rich mercy met.Yet it is good to set apart
One day of all the rest,
On which, with universal heart,
Our thanks may be confessed;
To turn aside from daily care,
To throw each holy place of prayer
White there God's name is blessed.Yes, let the Nation bend the knee,
Let all the people praise;
Hight let His name exalted be,
Make this the day of days;
For at this season of the year
Which he hath crowned with all good cheer
"To meet our songs to raise."And it is meet around the board
That should we never weary;
His are the gifts by which 'tis stored
His bounty we partake;
These fruits that industry doth bear
Are proofs of His unceasing care,
Bestowed for this name's sake.Nor should the debt of thanks we owe
Our tongue alone express,
Our deed do as well words should show
How true—w—profess.
Let mercy in our hearts have sway,
And on this glad Thanksgiving Day
Seek other hearts to bless.

—[R. M. Offord in N. Y. Observer.]

A Good Word for Brother Barnes.

[To the Editor of the Interior Journal.]

As it is the fashion, especially of late, to "ing" at Geo. O. Barnes, I hope the INTERIOR JOURNAL will indulge me with space sufficient for a little say upon the same subject.

There is much more good in the world in a general way than most people think, but there is one vice that is as glaring in men as it is in dogs and turkeys. It is to administer the proverbial kick or bite or peck stone of their fellows who may perchance happen to get below par or what amounts to the same thing, seems to them to have struck a streak of hard luck. The faith George Barnes' friends have in him will only allow of the latter supposition, but evidently most people think the former catches him in hard earnest. I am happy in numbering myself with his friends and to us, while the situation looks a little serious just now, we feel that we can still afford to read with patient indifference all these hard things which are being said about him and even be amused, though the pleasure with which some bear of his rebuff by the Episcopate powers of India seem to approach a wanton, malicious glee that a zealous christian man has seemed to fail in his work.

Do we not remember when he left the Mountains of Kentucky, how these same croakers predicted that in the towns of the Bluegrass region he would find that only the ignorance of mountain people would ever sustain such a born and bred bushwhacker in his vagaries? Is it necessary to remind us that when his message had found a hearty acceptance in Danville, Lexington, Mt. Sterling, Lonesville and others of the principal towns and cities of the State, these same happy people were delighted that now he preferred to accept an invitation to New York City? It was not a bit of trouble to "call the turn" on him. Inevitable starvation stared him in the face. But when New York testified her appreciation by not only receiving him kindly but sent him on his way to England these deeply interested folks didn't lose their interest, but their dire prediction sailed with him across the Atlantic and promptly followed him to India, when new made British friends bade him God speed from their shores. Are we to give him over to the bid, then? I said a while ago we had faith in him—which was really to say we have faith in George Barnes' God, which don't let us feel afraid for his future. Neither will we be surprised when his ministry in India grows to the proportions of a grand success and the Church of England has learned that he is a good man and is proud of him and glad to claim him as one of his own. Then after all, when these ill-conditioned growlers get to heaven, they will be surprised (but we won't) that this same men they tried to devilish with their strictures here on earth, was far enough above the spirit which actuated them to pray the good Lord that they might meet him there.

J. C. B.

Danville, Ky., Nov. 24, 1885.

A hungry tramp at Petersburg, Va., picked up from the sidewalk what he imagined to be a cocoanut. As he was about to put it in his mouth, the supposed c. o. began cursing so vigorously that the frightened tramp threw it to the ground and fled for dear life. It turned out that was all that is left of Billy Mahone.—[Loudon Times.]

—Rev. W. W. Dowes, of Boston, who has recently figured to his disadvantage in a noted divorce suit between two members of his congregation, has been dismissed from his pastorate and his church locked against him.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having placed in his hands by an East India mission, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Cataract, Asthmas and all Throat and Lung Ailments, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow.

Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Morris, 119 Powers Block, Roche-ster, N. Y.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having placed in his hands by an East India mission, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Cataract, Asthmas and all Throat and Lung Ailments, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow.

Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Morris, 119 Powers Block, Roche-ster, N. Y.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having placed in his hands by an East India mission, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Cataract, Asthmas and all Throat and Lung Ailments, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow.

Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Morris, 119 Powers Block, Roche-ster, N. Y.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having placed in his hands by an East India mission, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Cataract, Asthmas and all Throat and Lung Ailments, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow.

Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Morris, 119 Powers Block, Roche-ster, N. Y.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having placed in his hands by an East India mission, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Cataract, Asthmas and all Throat and Lung Ailments, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow.

Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Morris, 119 Powers Block, Roche-ster, N. Y.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having placed in his hands by an East India mission, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Cataract, Asthmas and all Throat and Lung Ailments, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow.

Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Morris, 119 Powers Block, Roche-ster, N. Y.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having placed in his hands by an East India mission, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Cataract, Asthmas and all Throat and Lung Ailments, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow.

Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Morris, 119 Powers Block, Roche-ster, N. Y.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having placed in his hands by an East India mission, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Cataract, Asthmas and all Throat and Lung Ailments, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow.

Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Morris, 119 Powers Block, Roche-ster, N. Y.</